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POEMS,

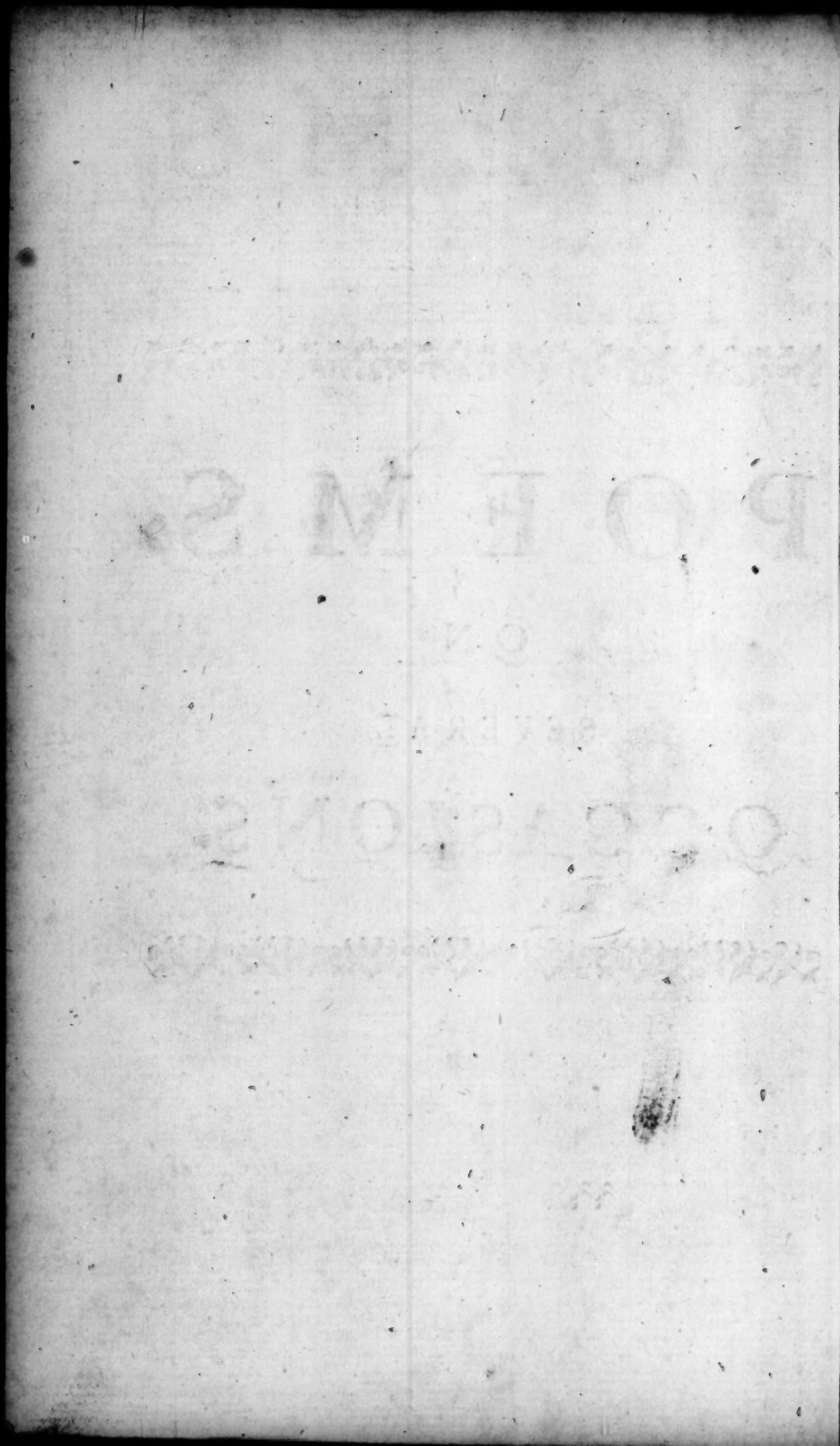
ON

SEVERAL

OCCASIONS.



2 D. Assymy



POEMS,

ON

SEVERAL

OCCASIONS.

In which are Inserted,

THE

VERSES

Spoke by the KING's SCHOLARS
at *Westminster*, at their Annual FEAST
on Queen *Elizabeth's* BIRTH-DAY,
for the Year 1729-30.

As likewise,

A Copy of VERSES writ to Doctor
CROXAL, on his SERMON
Preach'd the 30th of *January*, 1729-30.

I, fuge, sed poteras tutior esse Domi. Mart.

L O N D O N :

Printed, and Sold by J. ROBERTS in *Warwick-Lane*,
E. NUTT at the *Royal-Exchange*, A. DODD without
Temple-Bar, and by the BOOKSELLERS of *London*
and *Westminster*, 1730. [Price 6d.]

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T O

Samuel Wright, *Esq;*

Honoured Sir,

NO sooner had I resolved to Publish the following Poems, than I was determin'd to whom I should Present them : The native Candour with' which you were always wont to receive any thing

The *DEDICATION*.

thing of mine, forestall'd my
Choice, and left me no room to
think of another Patron.

Whatever other Author's Qualifications I want, I am certainly free from his Flattery; and am as far from using, as you are from wanting it.

The Worth of your Ancestors, the World is very well acquainted with; and the Deserts of your own, I'll rather shade, than offend your Modesty.

The

The *DEDICATION*.

The Obligations you have conferr'd on me, are so great ; and the following Trifles, so inconsiderable ; that I must beg your Pardon for Publishing my Gratitude, and 'tis almost a Crime to do my Duty.

I have nothing more to request of you but a grateful Reception of these following Pages, and shall deem my self very well Rewarded, if they will afford you any Divertisement ;
and

The *DEDICATION*.

and give the World an Assurance, that I am, with the deepest Veneration,

Honoured Sir,

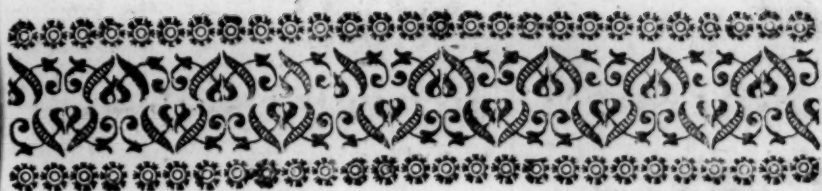
Your Most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

F. D'Assigny.




A Copy



A Copy of VERSES,

Spoke on Queen *Elizabeth's* BIRTH-DAY,
At the Annual FEAST of the KING's
SCHOLARS at *Westminster*, for the
Year 1729-30.

UR Fathers, gall'd with *Rome's* oppressive Yoke,
Provok'd at length, their Iron Bondage broke;
Bravely threw up the long usurp'd Command,
And swept the *Papal Locusts* from our Land.
Yet *Jesuits*, inch by inch, dispute their Ground,
And Schools at *Doway*, and *St. Omers* found;
In hopes once more our Island to enchain,
And what they lost by Men, by Boys regain.
But Great *Eliza*. Baffles their Design,
Skillfull their deepett Arts, to Countermine.
To guard our Faith, Schools rise at her Command;
She rais'd the Church, new Ramparts, thro' the Land:
Thro' Ages Reformation to extend,
And what by Men she gain'd, by Boys defend.
What Good from publick Education flows,
This honour'd Day, this noble Concourse shows:

B

Yet

Yet midst the Joys of this Auspicious Day,
 It bids our Fears, a decent Tribute pay.
 It has its Woe; each Year we still bemoan
 Some Patron missing, some Mecnas gone.
 Ere yet our general Grief for *Friend* was o'er,
 Death strikes again, and *Candish* is no more.
 Mark with what envious Aim his Arrows tend,
 We still had *Candish*, if we still had *Friend*.

Spoke in the Hall after Dinner.

HOW like you, Sir, the Splendor of to Day?
 What, has your Lordship, not a Word to say?
 Can neither Verse, nor Prose, your Praises move?
 He sure dislikes, who cares not to approve.
 You view, with Scorn, our Antiquated ways,
 Queen *Besses* Golden Rules, and Golden Days.
 No powder'd Liveries attend us here,
 Hunger our Sauce, and Mutton is our Fare.
 Our worn-out Customs may provoke your Sport,
 How long the Graces, and the Meals how short:
 Nor can our musty Colledge, Life afford;
 A Bed, more fashionable, than its Board.
 No State Alcove, or Wainscoat can you see,
 Of Cedar old, or new Mahogeny.
 To us, Poetick Furniture is given,
 Curtains of Night, and Canopy of Heaven:
 Our Youths, which well-bred Gentlemen despise,
 Sleep with the Lamb, as with the Lark they rise.
 Nay, Pray'rs each Day, (strange Things to Modern Beaus)
 Open our Morning, and our Evening close:
 Nor yet content with what at Home we do,
 Our Laws present us to the publick View.
 We to the Abby march, in White Array;
 Thrice ev'ry Week, besides each Holiday.

What

What Boys of Rank could brook such hard Com- }
 Like meanest Choiresters to take their Stands; [mands, }
 Or Penitents, with Tapers in their Hands.
 But these Objections, Nobles may disown,
 Who seldom stoop to wear the daggled Gown.
 The School it self, unmannerly they call,
 Like Death, a gen'ral Leveller of all:
 Which ne'er regards the Priviledge of a Peer,
 What Race you sprung from, or what Arms you bear.
 Boys on themselves, not Ancestors rely,
 Distinguish'd by intrinsick Quality.
 A Sawcy Commoner may take his Place,
 Who is my Lord, and is to be his Grace.
 Not so at Home, there due Distinctions made,
 And full Obeisance, to Degree is paid ;
 Far milder Treatment, may his Honour meet,
 From Hand-maid gentle, and Polite Valet :
 With Footmen romp, which finely must improve him ;
 And kiss his Cousins, that his Aunts may love him.
 There the whole Kindred, join to form the Heir ;
 And Uncles, Grandfires, Grandmothers, are there.
 But oh, the enchanting Pleasures, who can shew,
 That from the Kennel, and the Stable flow.
 When Honour quits the Closet, for the Fields ;
 And all the Student, to the Sportsman yields :
 Perhaps some glorious Hunting Match design'd,
 Ev'n now, tho' absent, rises to your Mind ;
 If not prevented by this luckless Day,
 How had you scour'd o'er Hills and Dales, away !
 By Foxes murther'd, glory to obtain ;
 And boast three Vixens, in a Fortnight slain.
 Or had the generous Stag, with winged speed
 A-cross whole Countries urg'd the straining Steed ;

Each *Yorkshire* Riding might have view'd the Race,
 Your Horn, perhaps, have rung thro' *Chevy-Chase* :
 More could I say, —————

But hold, 'tis time you end,
 Who for a Renegade mistake a Friend ;
 And could you think one Son so void of Grace,
 To abjure his *Alma mater* to her Face ?
 How should not she with Irony dispense,
 Who lends us Figures to adorn our Sense.
 Why 'tis to gain her Smiles, our Parts we prove ;
 To shew our Genius, is to shew our Love :
 And you, the Judges, (since yourselves inspire,
 Or our Pacifick or Polemick Fire)
 Be candid, and absolve the general Aim,
 We argue different, but we think the same.
 Parents, whom Fohdness, or the Fashion sway ;
 Will breed their Child, before, the Modern way :
 No pedant Schemes that abject Minds controul,
 Should thwart the native freedom of the Soul ;
 Him their own Eye o'erlooks, own Modes refine ;
 And Masters powder'd, ev'ry Day to Dine.
 As for his pretty Head Mamma takes care,
 The Comb's well fix'd, and nicely curl'd his Hair ;
 And not one thing I'll warrant you Breeds there. }
 Ev'n let the dirty Boys, so deem'd, be Fools ;
 And Trudge thro' Thick and Thin, to crowded Schools :
 Least such rude Noise, should hurt his tender Brain ;
 In his own Hall, Sir *Timothy* they Train.
 Moll tells him Stories, while she sweeps the Room ;
 And he imbibes his Morals, from the Groom.
 At twelve Years old, the sprightly Youth is able,
 To turn a Pancake, or to clean a Stable.
 Soon as the Clerk has Taught him all he can,
 They send to *London* for some abler Man.

Down

Down comes a *Frenchman*, " Sir me Swear and Vow,
 " Me be surprize, you make no better Bow,
 " But me vil make you good Schollard, no fear;
 " Better dan me my self, in two tree Year.
 The Knight begins, and in a Litt'ral Sense,
 Turns *French* to *English*, and makes *Latin*, *French*:
 Three Years, the Lady Mother, has the Joy
 To hear the *Frenchman*, and to see her Boy.
 To her it is a comfort, above all,
 That *Tim* should Learn so fast, and grow so Tall.
Kitty, my Ladies waiting Maid, was Sister
 To *Tom* the Groom, who knew the Knight had kiss'd her.
Tom manages the Knight at such a Rate,
 He Beats the *Frenchman*, and he Marries *Kate*.
 So fondly the wise Mother lov'd the Child,
 She quite undid him, least he should be spoil'd.
 This News, the Widow of the Neighb'ring Grange
 Heard with Suprize; but I, says she, will change,
 This unsuccessful Method, and my *Ferry*,
 I'll warrant for't, shall never thus Miscarry.
 Prate with the Maids; no, him I'll breed up shyly;
 And ev'ry Servant shall Respect him highly.
 No trifling Monsieur, here shall give Advice;
 Ill' have some Senior Fellow, grave and wise;
 From either of the Universities.
 She said, 'tis done, the honest Man with pains
 Gender and Number, Mood and Tense explains:
Ferry goes thro' his daily Task, and thrives;
 From *Inspeech*, at the *Apple-tree* arrives.
 Then studious Reads, what *Belgian* Authors writ;
 And drains whole *Nomenclators* of their Wit.
 From hence, apace he grows, accomplish'd fully,
 Has read *Corderius*, and has heard of *Tully*.
 Should *Oxford* next, or *Paris* be his Chance;

The

The last prevails, and he's equipt for *France*.
 He goes, sees ev'ry Thing that rare and new is;
 And Hunts, like any *Alderman*, with *Lewis*,
 Till the rich Fortune, or Mammas Command,
 Again restore him, to the *British* Strand;
 Then welcome, Sir, to bless your Native Land.
 But see, the proper Vacancy present;
 And up he comes, full Fraught, to *Parliament*:
 There first his noble Heart begins to sink,
 Fain would he speak, but knows not how to think.
 Howe'er, he'll needs launch out beyond his reach;
 For who ne'er made a Theme, makes no good Speech.
 Hence the loud Laugh, and scornful Sneer arise;
 Hence, round and round, the lashing Raillery flies;
 And thus, (sad shame) tho' now, some Twenty-four;
 He's finely whipt, who ne'er was whipt before.
 While each mean Time, or Commoner, or Peer,
 That past the Discipline in Praetise here;
 Convinc'd, applauds the Doctor's wholesome Plan,
 Who made the Youngster smart, to save the Man:
 And what, tho' some the good old Cause desert,
 Grow learn'd with ease, and grasp the Shade of Art:
 For us, we foster here no vain Pretence;
 Nor fill with empty Pride, the void of Sence:
 We rise with Pains, nor think the Labour flight,
 To speak like *Romans*, and like *Romans* write.
 'Tis ours, with Care, to Court the Classick throng;
 To catch the Spirit, as we gain their Tongue:
 T'enjoy the Charms, in *Cæsar's* Works that shine;
 And learn to glow at *Virgill's* lofty Line.
 Thus 'twas, you mov'd, and thus in riper Years;
 With such Superiour lustre, fill your Spheres:
 'Twas thus you learnt to rise, nor can you blame,
 If as we tread your Steps, we hope your Fame.

And

And Oh, may *Westminster*, forever View,
 Sons after Sons succeed, and all like you!
 May ev'ry doubt, your great Examples clear;
 And Education, fix her Empire here!

EPILOGUE to *Amphitruo*.

Spoke by MERCURY.

YOU've seen, to Night, the true Mercurial Scene;
 'Twas thus old *Plautus* drew his Harlequin:
 Not like the things we now call *Pantomines*,
 The *Luns*, and *Keybers* of the present Times.
 With these, the sterling Wit, is all Grimace;
 'Tis the Fools Doublet, and the Monkey's Face:
 'Tis *Hurlothrumbo*, *Holland*, *Spain*, and *France*;
 And Heav'n and Hell, all met---for what---to Dance.
 But if you wonder, why the *Roman Muse*,
 Should for her *Jove*, apart ill-suited choose.
 We must confess, we sometimes made as free;
 With Sacred Characters, almost as she.
 Yet, to your Favour, she has just Pretence;
 She may want Decency, but ne'er want Sense:
 Loose as she is, we still here Beauties love;
 We see her Faults, but by those Faults, improve.
 So far let *Plautus*, nay, let *Terrence* Err---
 But oh, what Nature, Strength and Stile are there.
 How just each Thought; each Character, how true;
 Worthy old *Cato*, *Scipio*, *Rome*, and you.
 Then give, ye Judges, give the tasteless Age,
 Her *Gothick* Learning, and her *Gothick* Stage,
 Old wit, shall, Year by Year, for you revive;
 The only *Roman* Audience now alive.

SYLVIVS



SYLVIUS and MIRANDA,
A TALE.

IN a dark Vale, for Melancholy made,
 Where *Few* and *Cypress* mix their balefull Shade;
 Where murm'ring Waters fall, hoarse Ravens Croak,
 And Screech-Owls hollow from the blasted Oak.
 No sight, or sound of Joy, was heard, or seen;
 But sable Horror, fill'd the gloomy Scene.
 Despairing *Sylvius*, quite distract with Love,
 Within the Thickest of this dreary Grove,
 Prostrate, upon the noxious Earth, was laid
 A mossy Turf rais'd up his mournful Head:
 His Soul, o'erwhelm'd with Grief, breath'd deepest Sighs,
 The briny Drops, stood in his livid Eyes;
 And thus, in moving Accents, he express'd
 The mighty Woes that rack'd his heaving Breast.
 Unhappy Youth! Why would'st thou fondly prove
 The dreadful Power of almighty Love!
 Soon as thy Eyes beheld the charming Dame,
 Thou plainly did'st perceive the growing Flame;
 Then, then, thou should'st have check'd the rising Fire,
 And clip'd the spreading Wings of young Desire;
 At once have fled the dear enchanting Maid,
 Nor for a second fatal Wound have staid.
 Those Sparkling Eyes, that lovely featur'd Face,
 Adorn'd with every Beauty, every Grace;
 Her Snowy Neck, than Down of Swans, more soft;
 Her finely rising Breasts, where *Cupid* oft

With

With Joy Reposes; and her Bosom Loves,
 More than his Mother *Venus*, and her Doves;
 Her graceful artless Air, and Mein, to paint,
 All known Comparisons, are far to faint;
 Her ev'ry Motion Charms whene'er she speaks,
 Forth from her Coral Lips, sweet Musick breaks:
 Her smoothly flowing Wit, and Satyr keen,
 Would wound too deeply, were the Nymph unseen.
 Wretch that I was! with Transport I gaz'd on,
 And took delicious Draughts of Poison down;
 Till my weak Soul, of Reasons Aid bereft,
 An easy Prey, was to the Victor left.
Miranda's Image, on my hapless Breast,
 In never-fading Colours, is express'd:
 All other Objects, vanish from my Soul,
 The new all-Beauteous Prize, possess'd the whole;
 Long Time I've strove, but still, alas, in vain,
 My former, happy Liberty, to gain:
 Condemn'd in hopeless Slavery to dwell,
 And like the Damn'd, see Heav'n, yet live in Hell.
 Why vainly rave I thus against my Fate,
 I'm Born to Love, nor will I tempt her Hate!
 Presumptuous Man! How dar'st thou hope to move
 A Maid so heavenly Fair, to grant thee Love!
 What Merit can'st thou boast, or how expect
 To Charm a Nymph with all Perfections deck'd!
 No, Die in Silence, wisely Think betime,
 Ere thou too late repent the hasty Crime.
 How will *Miranda's* Eyes peirce thro' thy Soul,
 When fir'd with Anger and Disdain, they roll;
 If their mild Glances hurt thy dazled Eyes,
 Where wilt thou hide thee when the Lightning flies.
 That Face, whose Smiles, inspire thy Soul with Joy;
 If ruffled by a Frown, as surely will destroy.

So the high Face of Heaven, Fair and Serene
 When the bright God of Day, adorns the Scene;
 And gentle *Zephirs* balmy Odours give,
 Pleas'd the delightful Prospect we perceive:
 But if the Sun, his gladning Rays denies,
 And pitchy Clouds invade the dark'ning Skies;
 If loos'd by *Æolus*, the loud Winds roar,
 And in fierce Storms, discharge their watry Store;
 When blasting Lightning, from the sable Cloud,
 Ushers the Thunder, terrible and loud;
 The trembling Swain, who with delighted Eyes,
 Before admir'd the gay resplendent Skies,
 From the approaching Tempest, frighted flies.
 For me, what help remains? Why do I live?
 Since nought but she, the least Delight can give?
 And Conscious of my Worthlessness, I dare
 Not, ev'n by Looks, inform her what I bear;
 Least barr'd her Presence, I an Exile go,
 Driven to eternal Banishment and Woe.
 Come wish'd for Death, release my troubled Sprite,
 Close my dim Eyes, in everlasting Night;
 Let my cold Urn reveal my piteous Tale,
 And tell *Miranda*, I her Victim fell.
 Oh, happy 'twere, could Death the Pain remove;
 And from my Soul, blot out my fatal Love:
 Vain Wish, I neer shall feel one Moments Rest,
 Tho' in the brightest Mansions of the Blest.
 If my *Miranda*, with her boundless Charms;
 Oh killing Thought! e'er bless anothers Arms;
 Ye Righteous Powers above, what e'er befall
 For this black Deed, your most distressed Thrall,
 Tho' this Right-Hand, my ling'ring Fate prevent;
 And let out Life, to give my Sorrows vent;

Permit

Permit it not, that Fames injurious Breath,
 Should blame *Miranda*, for her *Silvius's* Death.
 On her, your choicest Gifts, kind Gods bestow !
 Let every Joy in vast abundance flow !
 No Sigh e'er heave *Miranda's* spotless Breast,
 Nor melancholly Thought disturb her Rest !
 No Tears from those Cœlestial Eyes distill,
 But boundless Pleasures wait upon her Will ;
 'Till Heaven demands her Virgin Soul above,
 To Sing Harmonious Anthems, full of Love !
 Then may officious Cherubs, guard her Bed ;
 And Seraphs Hands, support her drooping Head !
 Her Spirits may Ambrosial Fragrance Chear,
 And Sounds of Heavenly Lyres, delight her Ear !
 In Extracies of Bliss, may she expire ;
 And by her Presence, glad th' Angellick Choir !
 So saying, he made bare his manly Breast ;
 And with his Hand, his throbbing Heart he prest.
 Peace, thou tumultous Thing, said he, my Sword,
 To thy swift Motion, will a stop afford :
 The Life-Blood from its Fountain soon will flow,
 Heaven grant it be the Period of my Woe,
 The glittering Weapon from his Side he draws,
 And strait had fall'n a Martyr to Loves Cause :
 When a loud Shriek, assail'd his frighted Ears,
 And lo, *Miranda*, to his Sight appears !
 Ravish'd with Joy, Astonish'd with Surprise,
 He views the Beauteous Maid, with greedy Eyes.
 The happy Vision scarcely he believ'd,
 And fear'd a Phantom, had his Sense deceiv'd ;
 'Till the kind Nymph, blushing, her Silence broke,
 And thus, in soft transporting Words she spoke :
 Sylvius, I've heard thy pity, moving Tale ;
 And the sad Truth, does o'er my Soul prevail ;

I too, with equal Fire, have lov'd thee long,
 But Modesty bound up *Miranda's* Tongue ;
 Fearing thy Harm, thy dangerous Steps I watch'd,
 And, Heaven be prais'd, from sudden Ruin snatch'd.
 The Youth, with Rapture not to be exprest ;
 Flew in her Arms, and claspt her to his Breast ;
 And from her melting Lips, sweet Pledges drew,
 Of all the mighty Joys they had in View.
 No Time for Words, impetuous Love allows ;
 But ardent Kisses, spoke their mutual Vows ;
 Their mingl'd Souls, entranc'd in Bliss extream,
 Experienc'd Joys Divine, with godlike Flame.
 Not Jove himself, more energy apply'd ;
 When he enjoy'd *Amphitryon's* beauteous Bride :
 Such Love as this, the Gods must sure approve ;
 Whether in Marriage-Bed, or in a Grove.



On Miss B - - - t,
Very Young and Beautiful.

I.

BELINDA, blooming, tender Maid,
 Too Young to know her mighty Charms,
 Too Innocent to be afraid,
 Flies, unsuspecting, to my Arms.

II. But,

II.

But, who such Transports can controul ?

With Joy I seize my beautilous Prize:

Her cherub Smiles diffract my Soul,

Love wantons in her dazling Eyes.

III.

With glowing Lips, I prefs her Neck,

And turn the Lilly to a Rose ;

Her honied Lips, her dimpled Cheeks,

And melting Eyes, more black than Sloes.

IV.

'Till half asham'd to revel so,

In Joys, that might a God transport ;

I Blush, lest she my Pain should know :

Yet Die, to have her love me for't.

V.

With each new Day, her Charms increase ;

With them, her Wit and Beauty too :

She

She soon will shun my fond Embrace,
And dying Swains around her view.

VI.

What Dragons Care, can safely guard
My Golden Fruit from Robber's Hands?
What Virtue's strong enough to ward
The Soul, if potent Love commands?

VII.

Soon as her heaving Breast shall glow,
For Bliss, of which she knows no Name:
My Vows, the rising Fire shall blow,
And animate the pleasing Flame.

VIII.

Then e're my lovely Pupil know,
Her Sexes Vanity and Pride:
In some soft Hour, I'll reap my Joys,
To all the admiring World deny'd.

Belinda

[15]

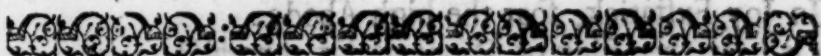
IX.

Belinda too, by me inspir'd,

With equal Rapture shall be blest:

The Exstatick Thought, my Soul has fir'd,

What Angel's Tongue can speak the rest.



On the DEATH of
JOHN TEMPEST, M. D.

IF solemn Grief be due for ought Below,
At *Tempest's* Urn, unnumber'd Eyes will flow;
Apollo's self, shall strike the mournful Lyre;
And weeping Muses form a plaintive Choir.
If God-like Manners, Love of Humankind,
A Mind, in every Faculty refin'd;
If useful Systems of abstrusest Skill,
A Power of doing Good, and amplest Will;
Could Ardent Pray'rs of Friends, or Merit, move
High Heaven, Life's destin'd Period to remove;

We

We still were happy in his wond'rous Aid,
 Who Nature's secret Labyrinths survey'd ;
 Where Nature's mighty God appears display'd. }
 Miraculously Skill'd in Healing Art,
 Zealous the blooming Blessing to impart.
 Virtue, in *Tempest's* bright Example, Charm'd ;
 The good were Ravish'd, and the worst were Warm'd.
 Humblest of Men, with every Grace adorn'd ;
 The High ne'er flatter'd, nor the Meanest scorn'd.
 His Soul so near a-kin to those above,
 Search'd each best Thing below, nor could approve :
 Griev'd at our Weakness, gave his dying Pray'r ;
 And joyous Angels wing'd him thro' the Air.
 If, when, disbodied Spirits, Knowledge take
 Of former Friends, thee, *Tempest*, will I seek :
 With thee, in *Halleluias* to our God,
 In Joy Exsttick, soar the high Abode :
 Or hear thee Sing of Wonders far conceal'd,
 From lower Angels Ken, to thee reveal'd :
 Thus, by thy much lov'd Presence, shall I find
 Heaven's Bliss, still more exalted and refin'd.



A CANTATA for
St. *CECELIA*'s Day.

RECITATIVE.

BEside a Fountain's flowry Brink,
Where *Laura* us'd to view her Charms;
Sad *Philaret*, retir'd to Think
On fatal Love's resistless Harms.
A piteous Sigh his Bosom rent,
And gave his mighty Sorrows vent.

Song by *PHILARET*.

Phæbus, great God of Harmony, whose Charms
The fainting Soul, with heavenly Transport warms;
Assist an hapless Swain,
Who martyr'd by Disdain,
Too long in *Cupid*'s Slavery confin'd,
Implores thy soothing Aid to heal his Mind.

D

RECITATIVE

RECITATIVE.

Apollo heard the Shepherd's Pray'r,
 And gliding thro' th'enlight'ned Air;
 Coelestial Conforts with him brought,
 And plac'd them in a Neighb'ring Grot.

Song by APOLLO.

Strike, strike a-loud the founding Strings,
 While brisk responding Eccho sings;
 Exalt the Force of artful Sounds,
 To expell the Poison from his Wounds:
 Exalt each swelling tuneful Note,
 Till warbling thro' the Air, it float;
 And draws false *Laura* to the Grot.

RECITATIVE.

But see, the Beauteous Nymph appears,
 Her shining Eyes half drown'd in Tears:
 Begin, my Sons, display your Art,
 And Love infuse thro' all her Heart.

SONG.

S O N G.

Triumphant Beauty, born to Reign
 The Queen of Love, thro' all the Plain;
 Let *Philaret* thy Pity feel,
 'Tis nobler, far, to save, than kill:
 The Youth lies panting with Desire,
 Oh, feed his ardent gen'rous Fire!
Venus, who rules the Thrones above,
 Maintains her Sway, by mutual Love.

R E C I T A T I V E.

The haughty Nymph, transport' at Thought
 Of Boundless Power, regards them nought:
 Her flashing Eyes proclaim Disdain,
 And pierce the Youth with doubled Pain.

Song by A P O L L O.

Vary ye Powers, the flatt'ring Song,
 And mournfully the Notes prolong:
 Sound the Disasters of the Fair,
 And fill, with sadness, every Air.

S O N G.

Beauty, alas, vain fleeting Flower ;
 The short liv'd Glory of an Hour :
 When wrinkled Age comes stalking on,
 And all thy dazling Bloom is gone :
 What mighty Ills succeed thy Reign,
 When, for thy Pride, thou meet'st Disdain ?
 Behold the haughty Nymphs, who late
 Enthron'd, like thee, despis'd their Fate :
 Who, Tyrant like, misus'd their Charms ;
 And shun'd the imploreing Lover's Arms :
 Now pine alone the publick Scorn,
 Meer Prodigies, for mischief born.
 Then cease, vain Maid, thy lawless Sway ;
 And stoop to Love, whom all Obey :
 Good Humour stamps a lasting Grace,
 On ev'ry Feature of thy Face :
 Submit betime, ere Age comes on,
 And all thy Pow'r, to Charm, is gone.

Tho'

Tho' *Philaret* now Sues in vain,
 He'll soon shake off thy hated chain;
 And bless a Nymph more heavenly Fair;
 Forbear thy Scorn, vain Maid, forbear.

R E C I T A T I V E.

With glowing Ears,
 Fair *Laura* hears;
 By Musick's Aid,
 The melting Maid,
 A Lover turns,
 Transported burns.

To dying *Philaret*, she flies,
 Who read her Passion, in her Eyes;
 Reclin'd her Head upon his Breast,
 And made the Youth for ever blest.

S O N G.

Musick, the Food of growing Loves,
 Inspir'd by Gods, Victorious proves;

Each

Each boist'rous Passions force, it sooths ;
 The horrid face of Discord smooths :
 Exalts the ravish'd Soul to Joy,
 Beyond the Pow'r of Hell, t' annoy ;
 It animates the Hero's Breast,
 The Lover lulls in balmy Rest :
 Its Pow'r, e'en savage Beasts confess,
 Heav'n owes to Harmony, its Bliss.

Grand C H O R U S.

Then loudly sound its Fame,
 To Heav'n, from whence it came :
 Let ev'ry Tongue in Chorus join,
 To chant its Praise, in Airs Divine.



A L E T-



A LETTER *from a* Clergy-
man *in the* Country *to his*
Friend *in* London.

DEAR SIR,

Regarding neither Blame nor Praise,
Whither I merit Birch or Bays,
For once I will attempt in Rhyme,
To tell you how I spend my Time.

Imprimis then ; In Summer Weather,
The Sun and I do rise together ;
Then hurrying *William* out to Plow,
I call to *Anne* to milk her Cow ;
Then take my Cane, and walk at Ease,
To see what Pigs are in my Pease ;
Where if I spy the grov'ling Snout,
I clap, and Keeper hunts them out ;
Then mend the Gap, by driving Stake fast,
And home again I come to Breakfast :
Now all the Time, 'till Breakfast ends,
We talk o'er all our *Ongar* Friends,
And thus, perhaps, my Wife begins ;
I can but think Sir *John* had Twins :

How

How strange, says she, do Things go on,
 Some can have two, and some have none;
 Now such Discourse to me is grating,
 So I turn off to other Prating,
 And talk of Sir *John A--fs* marrying,
 Or Lady *Mary's* last miscarrying,
 Or any other foreign Chat,
 To rid her Head and Thoughts of that:
 Tho' whispring now, my Thoughts to thee,
 I think it hard as well as she.
 But tell me, do your Cheeks ne'er burn,
 For you are talk'd of in your Turn;
 Nay, ev'ry one, without a Lie, Sir,
 From good Sir *John*, to poor *Will Spicer*.

Now loit'ring thus, as long as fitting,
 I to my Book, and she to Knitting;
 But, by the way, observing this,
 We never part without a Kiss,
 And every Day, thus from *Monday*,
 I'm thinking what to say on *Sunday*;
 And so sit musing all alone,
 Until our Parish Clock strikes One;
 When from the lowest Stair I hear,
 My Wife calls out——Come down, my Dear,
 For Dinner's ready——Where I see
 A decent plain Frugality;
 There's nothing wanting, nor profuse,
 A well-fed Duck, or season'd Goose;
 Or Beans or Pease, or Barn-door Hen,
 Or roasted Pig, my Due from Ten;
 Nor in the Season am without
 The Silver Eel, or Speckled Trout;

And

And tho' I almost keep from Wine,
 As strict as *Jew* abstain'd from Swine ;
 Yet does my Side-board never fail,
 To furnish Beer, and well-brew'd Ale ;
 Nor a Desert, when Fruit is ripe,
 And after that I take my Pipe :
 That done, why then I nod perhap,
 And lean my Head to take a Nap.
 Mean while some honest Friend does come,
 And asks my Maid if I'm at home ;
 If Fifty Pounds he rents a Year,
 I bid him then to draw his Chair ;
 With him discoursing, I am told
 How at last Fair, the Cattle sold ;
 And many useful Things I know,
 As when to Plough, and when to Sow ;
 When to Manure is proper Time,
 And which is fittest, Dung or Lime :
 So talk we 'till he leaves my House,
 Then thank him, and salute his Spouse ;
 And, being of a well-bred Nation,
 He says he'll use my Commendation.
 'Tis well accepted by the Dame,
 And she returns it with some Cream.
 And now the Sun extends its Shade,
 We walk perhaps in neighb'ring Mead ;
 Close by whose verdant flow'ry Side,
 The Silver Waves in Murmurs glide ;
 There sporting Fish, with sudden Rise,
 Catch at the too unwary Flies ;
 Or where some Fisher with his Hook,
 And Rod, extended o'er the Brook,
 Watches his Float with careful Look.

Or else, beneath a spreading Oak,
 I fill another Pipe, and Smoak,
 And see my Lambs their Frolicks play,
 And so your Friend wastes out the Day.
 Then home returning, Pray'rs are said,
 Will makes his Bow, and all to Bed.
 But now, methinks, I hear you mutter,
 What, all to Bed, without a Supper;
 Why, Faith, I own I would conceal,
 What 'tis no Credit to reveal.
 But yet, if that wou'd give you Ease,
 'Tis picking Bones, or toasted Cheese.
 And this concludes, at present, from
 Your faithful humble Servant *Tom*;
Evans had spoil'd the Verse before,
 But now it makes a Verse the more.

P. S.

You know, there's no Epistle ends,
 Without saluting of one's Friend;
 My Duty then attends my Mother,
 My Love to Sister, and my Brother;
 And, not to make my Letter longer,
 Salute all Friends at *Chipping Ongar*.





The HERMIT and LOVERS.

A T A L E.

THere was an Hermit venerably sage,
 Of Life devout, and rev'rend hoary Age;
 Amongst fair *Leon's* Mountains long Time dwelt,
 Nor ought of worldly Cares, or Passions felt;
 But from his Infancy by's Parents, dead,
 In that retired Solitude was bred;
 Save his dead Parents, ne'er had human Face
 Engag'd his Eyes, since in that lonely Place:
 A Cave his Lodging was, of massy Stone,
 With Ivy Green, and spreading Moss o'ergrown;
 A bubbling Silver Spring rose near his Door,
 Which rolling down the Mountains, made a pleasing Roar.
 The Entrance of this lovely Grot was grac'd
 With the first Rays that brighten'd up the East;
 At whose glad Warning, each succeeding Day
 The pious Hermit, wakeful, rose to pray;
 His blameless Life (if such a Life there be)
 Was one continued Act of Piety;
 His temperate Diet was the Mountain-Fruits,
 The Crystal Water, and Salubrious Roots:
 So e'er the Flood the long-liv'd Patriarchs led,
 With daily Toil they earn'd their daily Bread.

But soon as Luxury and baneful Ease,
 These first-born Giant-Sons of Heaven, did seize;
 Such dire Disorder did the Globe confound,
 That by an universal Deluge, it was drown'd.
 The Hermit, deeply read in Nature's Books,
 Studied the Skies with observant Looks;
 Their Motions well he knew, and Influence,
 How Light and Heat they did to all dispense;
 Their beauteous Order, perfect Harmony,
 Proclaim aloud the Ruler of the Sky.
 Oft' had his wand'ring Soul enquir'd in vain,
 Nor could the hidden Mystery explain,
 Why all the Brute Creation should be blest
 With each a Partner to his Den or Nest,
 Whilst he alone without his Like was made,
 Denied a Fellow-Creature's useful Aid.
 Was this vast Earth, said he, that wond'rous Sky,
 And all the bright Inhabitants on high,
 Form'd only for the Use of Birds and Beasts?
 Has Heav'n to these giv'n out its high Behests?
 They seem unworthy much the glorious Care,
 Birds prey on Birds, and Beasts on Beasts make War:
 No, sure, for nobler Creatures they are giv'n,
 Such, whose aspiring Souls can soar to Heav'n;
 Study its Works with Wonder and Delight,
 And praise its mighty Maker Day and Night;
 Who, blest with reasoning Minds and various Speech,
 Nature's deep Secrets to each other teach;
 Who live in mutual Love, and share the Joys
 Pour'd down upon them, from indulgent Skies:
 And since inferior Beings do supply
 A numerous Race of Mortals, ere they die,
 Heav'n to these alone, hath not confin'd,
 The Godlike Means, to propagate their Kind.

Almighty

Almighty Pow'r, my gen'rous Soul's on fire,
 Forgive, that thus ambitious I aspire;
 Let me, by Ways to me as yet unknown,
 Create a Race of Beings, like my own,
 To people this thy World, and sing thy Praise,
 Where-e'er the Sun flings round his glorious Rays.
 One Ev'ning his accustom'd Walk he took,
 Along the Margin of a murm'ring Brook;
 On either Bank proud Oaks and lofty Pine,
 Their tow'ring Heads, to form a Shade did join;
 The airy Choristers, with tuneful Throats,
 Did warble all around their melting Notes;
 Woodbine, and Roses wild, entwind the Trees,
 Whose grateful Odours floated in the Breeze.
 As here the solitary Hermit stray'd,
 He spy'd at Distance from him, thro' the Shade,
 Two human Forms, who on the verdant Earth
 Repos'd themselves, and seem'd inclin'd to Mirth;
 They both were young, he shone with manly Grace,
 And Heav'n was open'd in her blooming Face:
 With greedy Eyes the well-pleas'd Hermit view'd,
 The happy Sight, with Joy his Soul subdu'd;
 But lest he might disturb the beauteous Pair,
 Trembling his Steps he took, with cautious Care,
 And as he nearer drew, he could perceive
 The Fair One's Milk-white Bosom gently heave;
 With Pleasure on the Youth her Eye she fed,
 Full of Desire and Love, with glowing Red;
 Her Cheeks were stain'd, soft Sighs stole from her Breast,
 Which the enamour'd Youth, with Rapture prest:
 Her Rosy Lips he passionately kist,
 With Eagerness embrac'd her yielding Wast;
 Their Eyes, inflam'd by Love, did swiftly roll,
 At ev'ry Kiss they seem'd to breath a Soul;

In amorous Transport, long entranc'd they lay,
 And in soft Dalliance clos'd their joyous Play.
 The Hermit, well convinc'd, by what he'd seen,
 There wanted not his Aid to furnish Men;
 With Transport fill'd, back to his Cave withdrew,
 And left the Pair, their Pleasures to pursue.





To Dr. C R O X A L,

On his Sermon Preach'd on the
30th of January, 1729-30.

PRithee, *Sammy*, reflect, can there be such a Thing,
As taking the Wicked away from the King?

At the Rate the World goes, and Religion now stands,

The Saint and the Sinner, can hardly change Hands :

What Good would the Subject obtain by those Means,

But be diversely pinch'd under different Scenes?

The Fox in the Tale would not change his old Fleas,

For fear a fresh Set should afford him less Ease.

Who

Who would'st thou put there then, but those full as bad,
 Till with chopping and changing the Court would run mad?
 'T would be mending no Moral, but alt'ring a Name,
 So round about R---n, the Play is the same.

F I N I S.

